"SHE LOVES ME"
PICTURES BY
HENRY HUTT

HENRY HUTT

SHE LOVES ME

SHE LOVES ME

PICTURES BY
HENRY HUTT

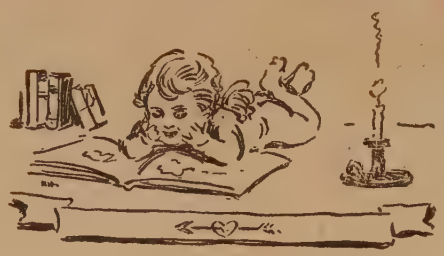
DECORATIONS BY
BERTHA STUART

The BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1911
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

To
Lovers
Old and
Young

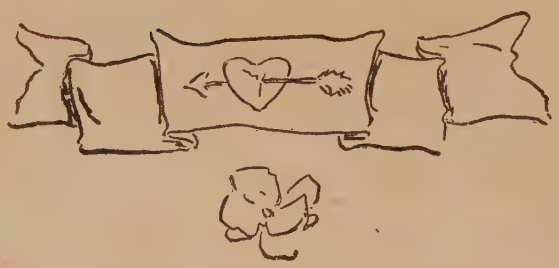
Her heart is
love's red rose
Wherein is honey sweet,
A lute whence
ever goes
Music with every beat;



A chalice made to hold
A fragrance
and a fire;
Love's treasure
house of gold,
Of dream and
of desire.

Mine be the joy to take
This red rose freshly blown;
Mine be the bliss
to make
This lute's song
all my own;

Mine be the
dear delight
To know
this scented gleam,
And mine the
beauty bright
Of its desire
and dream!



What Molly
said to me is yet
A secret, you must know;
I will not ope
my lips to let
Them say 'twas
"Yes" or "No."

My tongue I do
not dare to trust;
I'm sworn to secrecy,
Although I'd like
to tell you just
What Molly said to me.

The world to-day's
a gladsome place—
I'm free to tell you that;
The future hath
a smiling face,
My heart goes pitapat.

I can't with
honesty confess—
I'm on my guard,
you see—
Lest some one reading
this should guess
What Molly
said to me!

The world is fair,
blue skies o'erhead,
My primrose path
shows gay:
And yet betimes,
I look behind

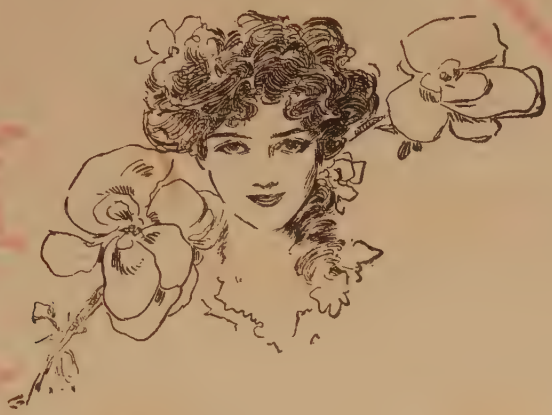
And long with all
my heart to find

The road
to yesterday.

Grass-grown and faint
the path may be;
No signs to
point the way
Except a kiss,
a memory,

A sigh, a sprig
of rosemary—

These lead
to Yesterday.

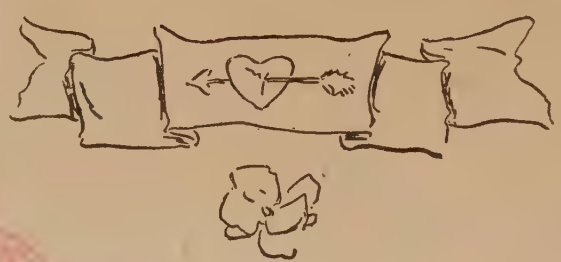


My lady hath a
charming face,
My lady's form
is full of grace,
My lady's eyes
are bright;

At every note of
her sweet voice
The feathered
songsters all rejoice
And carol with delight.

Oh, Christmas bells,
your echoes lift
To her and say I'm leaving
My beating heart
a Christmas gift,
If she but be receiving.

Oh, Christmas bells,
be bold, be bold!
Your answer?
What, not leave it!
You ring back: "'Tis not
Tipped with gold—
And Betty won't
receive it!"



She's kind to
everything but me—
The little birds
on every tree,
The bees that
hum above her;

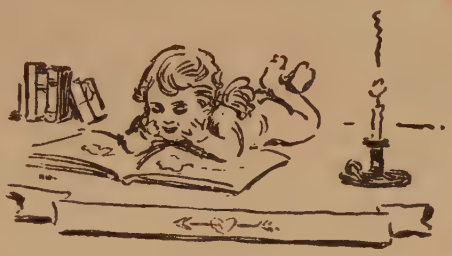
To me she's fair
and cold, like snow;

I wonder if she
treats me so

Because she knows
I love her.

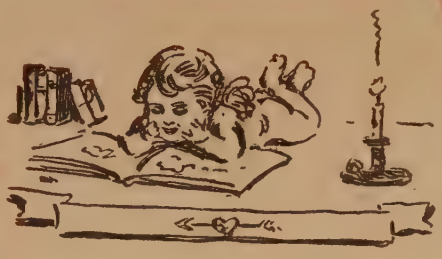
Oh, Christmas bells
that ring so loud
And stir the old town over,
Sound unto Betty fair,
the proud,
And tell her I'm her lover.

Oh, Christmas bells!
In that fair ear
So shell-like, do my bidding
And whisper what
to speak I fear—
Tell her my heart
I'm bringing.



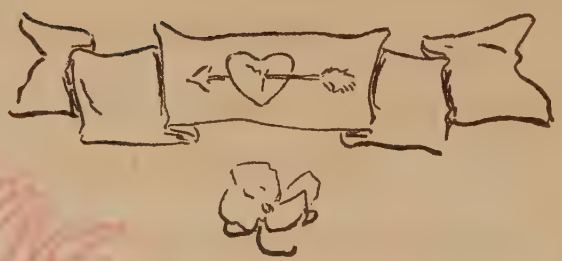
You've had some golf
and yachting, too;
Flirted with
circumspection?
But tell me, Rose,
what did you do
To capture your
complexion?

Was it the wind
or sun or sea,
Or all of them
I wonder,
That bound your blushes
up for me
In joy to kiss asunder?



I have no doubt
all three, my Rose,
Have courted you
and kissed you;
But I don't worry,
Heaven knows!
So much my heart
has missed you,

Of wind or sun
or sea I'm not
Particularly jealous
Their kind
attentions do a lot
For beauty,
doctors tell us.



She liked him—yes,
upon her word!

She let him
fetch and carry;

But, oh, his suit
was too absurd—

He'd never do
to marry!

The swain departed,
stern and black,

She wept,—how could
she flaunt him?

The luckless man
came flying back;

Straightway she did not
want him.

And so she wavered
back and forth,

She met his love
with banter,

But when he left her,
hurt and wroth,

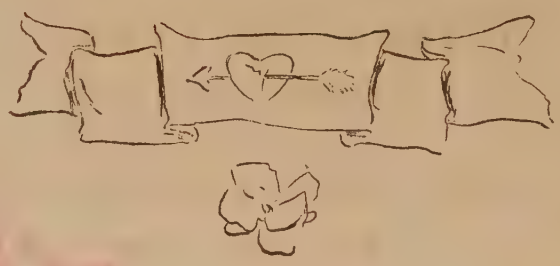
She called him back
instanter;

Until a maid who
knew her mind,

Whose words were
gently spoken,

Stepped in when she
had been unkind—

And then her
heart was broken!



What do I care
for an April lover?

What is the worth
of a Springtime vow?

Winds of the Winter
around me hover;—

Give me a girl who will
love me now!

Give me your heart
when the heart is wary,

When Annabel-Lee-loves
chill and die;

Give me your heart
in February,

If you would have
my heart's reply.

What is the faith
of a Summer lover?

Cupid's a jester
gay in June.

A laugh or a sigh
or a four-leaf clover

Is cause for a kiss,
forgot too soon.

Smile if you will on
the swains that tarry

When warm sea-sands
in the sunlight lie;—

Give me your heart
in February,

If you would have
my heart's reply!